

## HUMAN GARDEN MAY HAVE TO BE WEEDED

New Jersey is spending \$3,000,000 a year on the care of her "ne'er do wells"—her feeble-minded, unmoral degenerates; the waste products of bad living conditions.

One Jerseyite in each 206 is a public charge.

The man whom Woodrow Wilson put in charge of the state's charities and corrections, Joe Byers, hasn't been content just to go on paying out the people's money in increasing amounts to carry this growing load.

He wants to know what the trouble is.

He wants to find out if there is any way to stop it.

Down in lower Jersey, in Burlington county, there's an unusual crop of waste humanity. In that county one in each 155 is a public charge.

Joe sent an agent into Burlington county to investigate.

The agent made a study of the pedigree of a number of families. We keep the pedigree of dogs and horses. Why not of people?

One family of 292 persons was traced back to a degenerate, half-witted woman. Only two of her 292 descendants were found to be normal in health and morals. Only seven others in the bunch are what you might call passable. The rest are loads on the community.

This idea of keeping tabs on racial or family strains is rather new in this country and some folks are a little skittish of it. But don't you think it is wise?

If we were raising chickens and found that a certain breed didn't pan out well, why, we would get rid of that breed as soon as we could. Same way with a poor kind of wheat or potatoes.

Yet you'll hear good people scoff at the suggestion that it would be better all around if we took more pains to prevent notoriously unfit men and women from breeding imbeciles and wastrels, to be carried on the backs of the fit. Why, they tell us, those who have studied this subject, that the United States has 3,600,000 degenerates, costing \$200,000,000 a year.

We have an idea the human garden will have to be weeded.

## SASSIETY COLYUM

Mr. Andy Dippy has resigned as manager of the highbrow grand opy singinfest.

Mr. Dippy's temperament is said to have led him to call a patron who criticised the moosick a lowlife bum.

The patron promptly altered the shape of Mr. Dippy's facial features and his resignation followed in a fit of temper.

The regular front seat patrons of the grand opy are all worked up over the incident. They are afraid the new manager may not draw enough people to admire their diamonds.

Mr. Andrew M. Lawrence, the well-known employer of newspaper sluggers, is said to be suffering from nervous prostration.

With the charitable object of get-

ting a circulation for Mr. Lawrence's personal organs the Lawrence sluggers are arranging a number of paper-eating parties to which all newsboys not big enough to take care of themselves will be invited.

Mr. Roger Sullivan is visiting in Washington, putting a crimp in the J. Ham Lewis glory.

County Judge John E. Owens is said to be a very sick man these days. He is under the special care of Dr. Andrew M. Lawrence, who is giving him the daily whitewash treatment.

Mrs. Spinks—Where is the money you have been saving for a rainy day? Mr. Spinks—In the savings bank. Mrs. Spinks—Well, you must let me have a little of it. I want a new waterproof!